

LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

December 1921



Fritz Kreisler and Mrs. Kreisler

MUSIC AND LIFE

By Fritz Kreisler

Dolls of All Nations

Famous Love Letters

The Personality of Kreisler

The Greatest Christian Shrine

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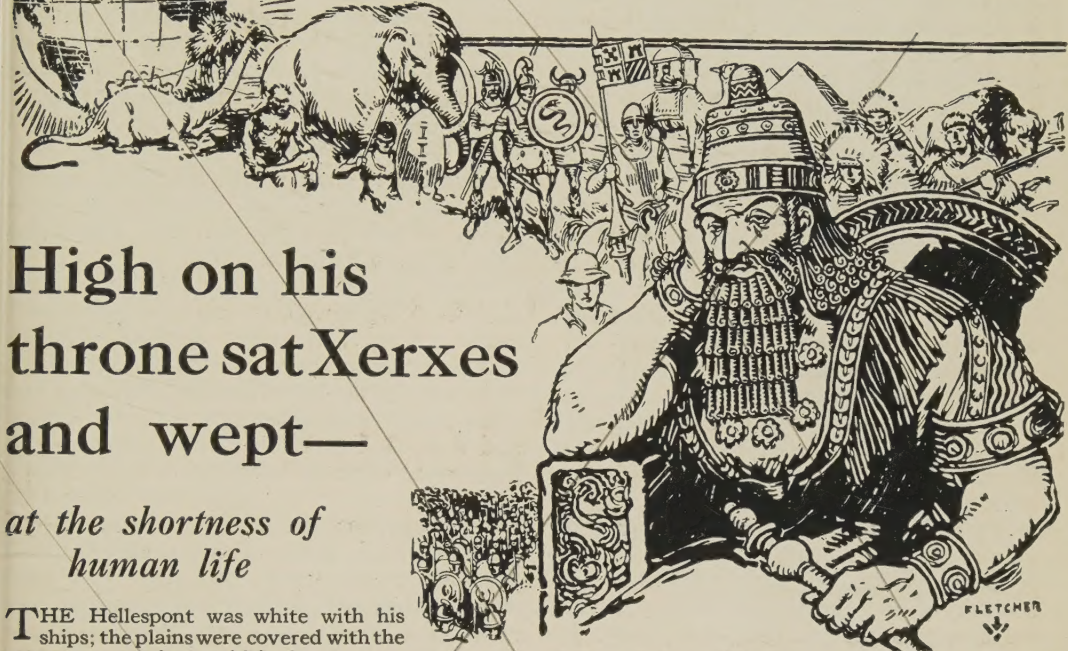
The Mentor *for January*

THE MENTOR

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Mentor, published monthly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee W. Maxwell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Mentor, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, W. D. Moffat, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Guy P. Jones, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; General Business Manager, Lee W. Maxwell, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) The Crowell Publishing Company, a New Jersey Corporation; The Crowell Publishing Company, a Delaware Corporation, New York, N. Y.; American Lithographic Co., New York, N. Y.; George D. Buckley, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings & Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Joseph F. Knapp, Trustee, New York, N. Y.; Joseph P. Knapp, New York, N. Y.; Antoinette K. Milliken, New York, N. Y.; Lucien Oudin and Henry G. Schackno, Trustees for Louis Ettlinger, New York, N. Y.; John S. Phillips, New York, N. Y.; Henry K. Pomroy and H. Arthur Pomroy (both residents of New York City, N. Y.); and A. H. Lockett (a resident of Englewood, New Jersey), partners doing business under the name of Pomroy Bros.; Post Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; J. Walter Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermeyer, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation from whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (5) That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is — (This information is required from daily publications only.) Lee W. Maxwell, General Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1921. Mary L. Walker, notary public, New York County, N. Y. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)



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High on his throne sat Xerxes and wept—

at the shortness of human life

THE Hellespont was white with his ships; the plains were covered with the greatest army the world had ever seen.

"Why should you weep?" his uncle asked. "You who have everything?"

"I have reckoned up," said Xerxes, "and it came into my mind to feel pity at the thought how brief was the whole life of man, seeing that of these multitudes not one will be alive when a hundred years have gone by."

(Wells' Outline of History, page 283.)

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MAJOR ANDRÉ'S THREE CAPTORS

I HAVE been much interested in receiving letters requesting a fuller statement in regard to Major André's captors than was possible in the issue of *The Mentor* for September, 1921. To these letters I have directly replied. For the benefit of other readers it may be well here to indicate briefly some of the evidence in the case.

Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart were instrumental in the discovery of Arnold's treason before that treason had been accomplished. Friends of the American cause naturally rejoiced at escape from the sorest crisis of the Revolution. Washington evidently felt that, inasmuch as unsparing severity was demanded toward André, unusual recognition was due to the three captors. Little or no inquiry at the time was made into the original motives of the men. Washington knew none of the three; and it was not until October 7, 1780, five days after André's execution, that Washington was able even to furnish their names to the president of Congress. With precaution against a possible similar emergency, he thought a generous reward "must prove a powerful incitement to others to imitate their example."

To Lieut. (later General) Joshua King, who had charge of André at Lower (South) Salem, and to Capt. Samuel Bowman, who was constantly with the prisoner during the last twenty-four hours previous to the execution, André stated his belief that the men stopped him with the purpose of robbery, and would have let him proceed if he could have produced money sufficient to suit them. The three captors professed, as was to be expected, that, in the whole affair, their motives had been most patriotic, their conduct most upright. King implicitly and explicitly accepted André's statement, and declared, "The truth is, to the impudence of the men, and not to the patriotism of any one of them, is to be attributed the capture of Major André." The distinguished Maj. Benjamin Tallmadge, who took André from Lower Salem to Tappan, also had his opinion, and at last spoke out.

On January 13, 1817, a petition from Paulding for an increase in pension was discussed in the House of Representatives, and Tallmadge, then a member from Connecticut, opposed the petition. He said he agreed with André that the men's object had been

robbery, and that they would have released their prisoner if their demands had been met. He further said that they removed André's boots to look for loot, not to search for treason; and that it was for mercenary reasons they brought in the prisoner to an American post. They were, he added, men of a suspicious class—men whom he would doubtless have arrested had he chanced upon them. Paulding's petition was thereupon rejected by a large majority.

One of the Pines, prominent Tories, claimed that Van Wart was, by his own statement, really a Tory. Winthrop Sargent, André's chief biographer, says that twice, during the summer of 1780, Van Wart and Williams had seized, without authority, persons and cattle, and that the American civil authorities had been compelled to interfere. In Sargent's words, the men "had agreed to waylay the road in quest of spoil. The ravages of war had deprived them of all profitable and peaceful employment, and by their own account they were in hopes of wresting from some of the returning confederates of the Cow-boys, who had just forayed the country, a part of their ill-gotten gains. They acted under no commission nor were detached from either the continental or militia organizations." "That they thought him a spy when they searched him," further declares Sargent, "is more than I believe." William Abbott, in his annotated edition of Sargent's work, expresses no dissent from Sargent.

Opportunity is now offered to correct in the printed text of the "Famous Spies" article several misprints that unavoidably crept in, owing to the fact that it was found necessary to condense the article just before going to press. On page 5, "Huntingdon" should, of course, read "Huntington" and "Rutger's" should be "Rutgers'"; on page 9, "\$200 a month" should be "\$200 a year." The Munsons (page 4) lived in New Haven. It was a stone shaft (page 9) that was placed over the site of André's grave at Tappan. The British military critics who approved André's sentence did not constitute a formal board. A possible ambiguity may be removed by pointing out that the Barnum referred to on page 10 was H. K. Barnum, the author.

It is encouraging to note that American history as presented in *The Mentor* enlists the interest of so many readers.

George S. Bryan.

The Only Baby In India!

YOU wouldn't think, in an Indian city swarming with people and knee-deep in babies, that one extra infant would count! Yet Taj and her husband, Fagal Alahi, thought that Heaven shone only for them when the American doctor at the hospital told them that they were going to have a child, after eighteen long years of waiting. The whole town was agog. When Taj's baby finally arrived she called it "The Gift of God."

In this Indian city where after nightfall the roofs are littered with sleeping babies—doorways filled with them—whitewashed rooms crowded with them—Fagal would keep his vigil all night beside this one extra youngster, just "watching the baby breathe."

Here is an exquisite story, showing that no matter how many babies there are in the world, it is only your own that counts. Margaret Wilson, the author, lived in this very hospital in India where "The Gift of God" was born. In the December

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The Melting-Pot in Java.....By John W. Prins

Hollanders, Malays, Javanese, Chinese, Arabs and a sprinkling of Americans and Englishmen are reaping their fortunes in Java—the most beautiful island in the world. The Malays are the chauffeurs of Java and form a newly arisen class demanding utmost respect from their fellows. In his pride, a chauffeur often keeps a funky, who rides along on the fender.

The Rise and Fall of Yuan Shih-Kai By Paul S. Reinsch

The man who tried to be Emperor of China! Former Minister Reinsch continues his reminiscences of Chinese life and diplomacy as seen from the American Legation, in this article which gives a remarkable picture of the most remarkable Chinese of the last decade.

Translating Chinese Poetry.....By Witter Bynner

Mr. Bynner, one of America's foremost poets who has traveled and studied in China, gives us the very spirit of the old Chinese poets whom he has learned to love.

A Boy in Persia.....By Youel B. Mirza

A story of Persian village life, as delicately woven as a Persian rug. The watchman, making his rounds, singing: "Everything is well. Be not afraid." Grandfather Mirza—whose years were beyond computing. The Kurd who attacked the village. The blind singer who could sing for three consecutive days without repeating a single song. The Persian meadows full of marigolds!

Somebody—Nothing..Translated by Michio Ito and Louis V. Ledoux

Do you remember "The Lady or the Tiger"? If you are interested in baffling endings, you will be intrigued by this charming Japanese farce.

In the Wake of the Friars.....By Hazel C. Taylor

Legends, history and drama hover around the old churches of Manila. Within their walls, soldier and priest rubbed elbows, for not only were the churches places of worship but refuges from hostile tribes and the elements. The very essence of the old Spanish days in "our Islands" seems to have been distilled within these places.

My Uncle Ter-Barsegh.....By Armen Ohanian

All Paris is talking of Armen Ohanian, the beautiful Armenian dancer who is making an artistic success this winter in the capitals of Europe. This Christmas story is a memory of her uncle, the patriarch of a little group of Christians in Zergueran, who tells his simple flock his naive version of the story of Christ.

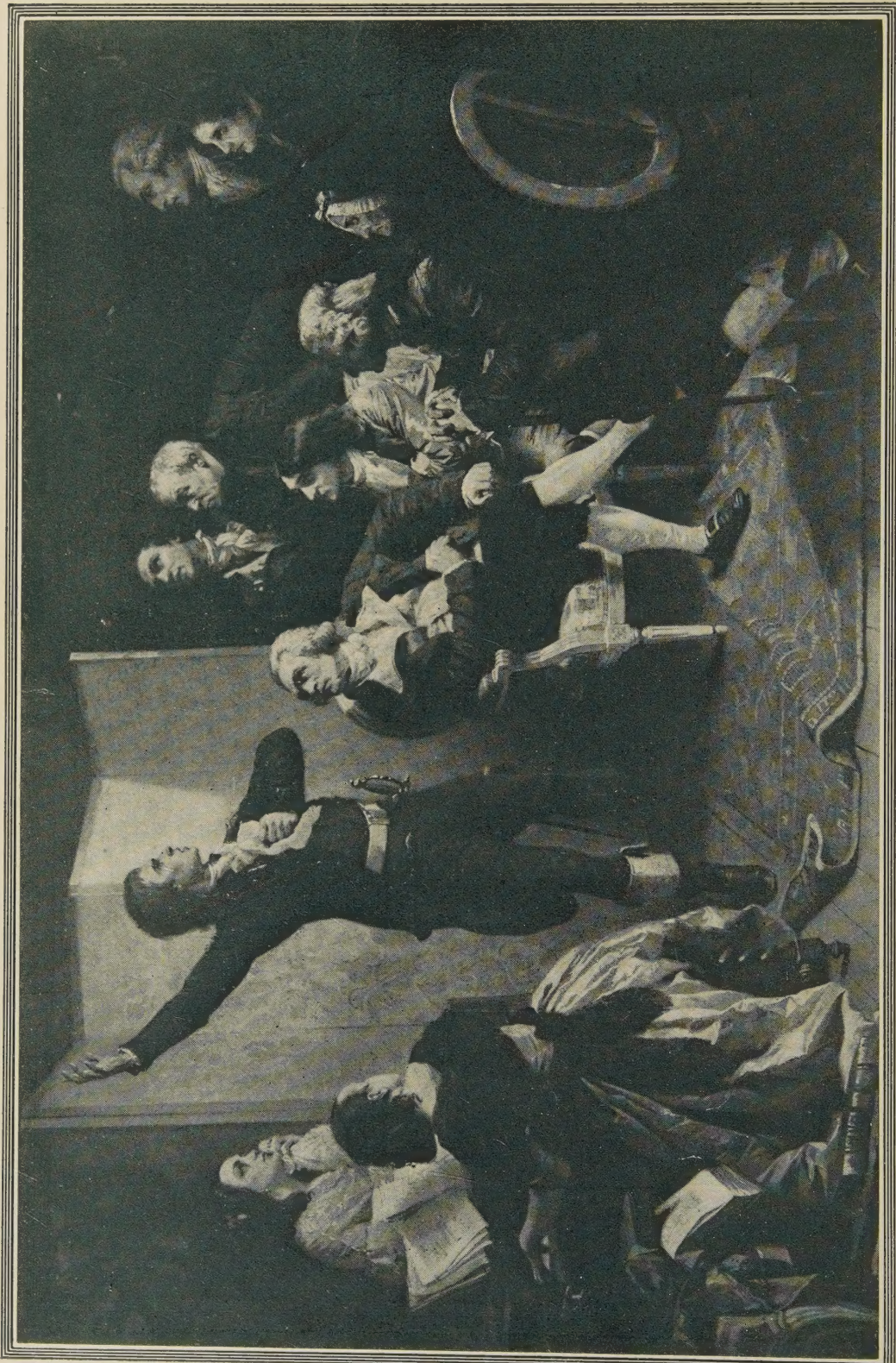
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From a painting by Isidore Alexandre Pils

Rouget de Lisle Singing The Marseillaise for the First Time

"La Marseillaise" was composed by Captain de Lisle, a young artillery officer, while quartered at Strasbourg in 1792. He wrote it one winter night, and sang it the next morning to a group of friends, at the home of Baron Dietrich, mayor of the city. It stirred a furor of patriotism whenever it was sung and played. The insurgents

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W. D. MOFFAT,
Editor



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MUSIC AND LIFE

By FRITZ KREISLER

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time."—Ruskin.

LIFE begins and ends with music. It envelopes and permeates the world we live in. Land, water, and sky are full of elemental music of many kinds and degrees of intensity. The wind sings through the responsive leaves, and plays on the harp-strings of the waving reeds by the rivers; birds pour forth their lyric tunes to charm the waking morn; and the ocean waves swell in rhythmic chorus as if at the command of a master conductor.

The potency of music has been acknowledged in all ages and by all races. And it was so from the beginning of time. It is said that long, long ago Orpheus charmed all things animate and inanimate with the strains of his lyre. He even went down to Pluto's domain, Hades, and coaxed back the

soul of his dead and lost love Eurydice* with his music. And everyone knows of the Sirens who bewitched sailors with their songs in the Grecian Isles, and the Lorelei maiden on the rock above the Rhine.



Fritz Kreisler

GOOD AND BAD MUSIC

This suggests the thought, often stated, that good music ennobles and bad music degrades. It seems clear to me, however, that there is only one kind of music, and that is *good* music. When music can be called bad, it ceases to be music. It simply becomes rhythmic noise. I do not think that music, in itself, produces good or bad effects, but rather that it enhances and intensifies existing ideas and instincts, good or bad. To a man in love, music may deepen the feeling of romance; a man suffering from melan-

* Pronounced you-ríd-de-sec.

cholia may have his sorrows dyed a shade deeper; a warrior may have a heightened feeling of war fever. In this connection music may be compared to *hasheesh*. That powerful drug produces good or bad dreams in keeping with the mental condition and environment of the drug-taker. In a room furnished in good taste, he dreams of things beautiful, but in ghastly surroundings he dreams frightful dreams. That alluring composition, *Humoresque*, to a religious man may mean devotional ecstasy; to the frivolous, a sensuous dance. I have even been told that some highway robbers once were heard whistling it before they started on a daring escapade.

MUSIC IS RELATIVE

I do not think that there is such a thing as *absolute* religious or sacred music. What is true of other things in life is true of music. It is relative. What is true in art to-day may be deemed quite untrue by the next generation. Take, for example, the musical consonance and discord once



From a painting by G. F. Watts

Orpheus and Eurydice

Orpheus, who had the power to charm all things with his music, descended into Hades and by the magic of his lyre drew the spirit of his love, Eurydice, from Pluto's shades—but lost her again when he looked back upon her in the light of day

recognized as essential elements in music. Modern composers and musicians do not recognize the old order of things. The Gregorian chant has been associated in Christian nations with religion for hundreds of years, so it invokes within us religious feeling. In a non-Christian land the same chant might rouse martial sentiment, if it had been used there for that purpose *traditionally*. Play the Gregorian chant to an Australian bushman and it may not affect him devotionally at all—but a certain crude melody of his own will; at the same time, his wild music may inspire feelings of a quite different nature in others in a different environment.

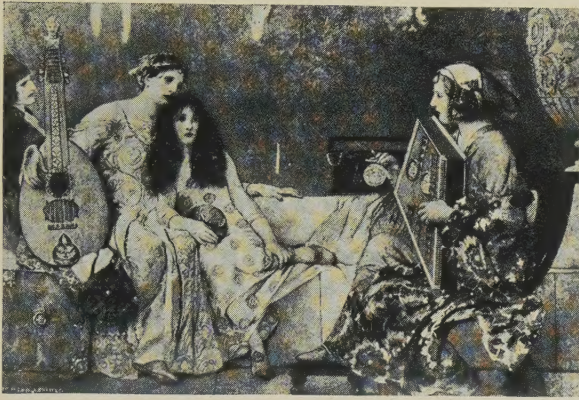
The same is true of the music of different musical instruments. The horn has been associated with the chase. When we think of the chase we instinctively think of the horn. The guitar is associated with romance—a gondola under the Rialto in Venice, or a young man under a window in Seville. Nowadays, we associate war with trumpet and



Painting by J. M. Swan "Wainamoinen"

According to an old Norse legend, fish rose to the call of the plaintive pipe

MUSIC HELPS AND HEALS



From a mural painting by E. H. Blashfield

"Music"

drum—the instruments of fire and fury. But in ancient Greece the bards were wont to lash the country into feverish martial activities by singing and playing on the lyre. The Gaelic bards did the same. Now, the lyre is to us an instrument of tender tones and romantic feeling.

During the exciting days of the French Revolution the singing of the Marseillaise was thought more dangerous by those in power than incendiary speeches or weapons of war. It inspired people to make sacrifices, it roused them to fight and to die fighting. I am certain that, in a country that knows nothing about the French Revolution, or of this great song of France, the Marseillaise could be effectively used for religious revival.

Art, then, is influenced by environment, education, and association of ideas. Art, like love, is a state of mind and heart, and the art of music more so than other arts. The arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture have tangible forms. But music is formless—it is all feeling. For that reason it is the more dynamic, and produces a deeper emotional effect.

A beneficial act, like healing, is quite often accomplished by the art of music. The world is destined to hear more and more of this practical side of music. I shall not be surprised if a book on musical therapeutics, written by a scientist, shall have, before long, a place on the shelves of the medical libraries of the world. In the ancient scriptures of the Hindus, the Christians, the Egyptians, and

the Chinese, there are references to the healing power of music. Thus we read in the Bible: "When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, then David took an harp, and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

My father was a physician, and I studied medicine for about two years—so I know a little about medical science. I do not think that it is unscientific to say that, in certain instances, music can be effectively used

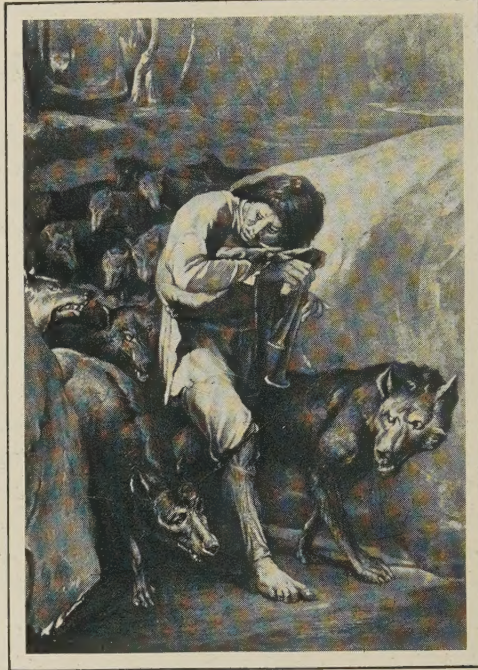


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Snake Charmers of India

Lured by the whining melody of the *poongi*, poisonous serpents rear their heads and sway in responsive rhythm

as a healing agency. Scientists have just begun to investigate this matter. Healing is largely a normal adjustment of the mal-adjusted molecules of the body. Recently a case was brought to my notice. A young lady was sick with high fever in her home on a ranch in one of the western states of the Union. The doctor's home was far away, and he could not be summoned readily. A friend asked the mother to give her daughter a "music cure." A certain record was played on the phonograph a few times. The young lady's temperature came down, and, I am informed, she was soon on her way to recovery. A case has been cited recently of a young woman, suffering from sleeping sickness, who was brought to consciousness and health through the ministration of



From a painting by John La Farge. In St. Louis Art Museum
The Wolf Charmer

music. She was a Russian, and when she recovered she declared that what recalled her from her long siege of sleeping was the violin playing Russian melodies.

The effect of music not only upon the ill, but also upon the insane, has been noted and considered by physicians. For my own part, I believe in the soothing, comforting, and healing effect of music. We all know how thought affects the human body. An embar-

rassing remark causes a rush of blood to a woman's face, and she blushes. If you look at something sour your mouth waters, or if at something tragic, tears rise in your eyes. Think of your absent beloved, and your body and mind ache with the bitter pangs of separation. Happy thoughts make the body buoyant, and melan-



From a painting by Maxfield Parrish

The Pied Piper

In Buffet of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco



The Pied Piper of Hamelin

This picture by the celebrated artist Kauller illustrates an old legend which Robert Browning related in verse. The city of Hamelin, in Brunswick, was overrun with rats that "split open bags of salted sprouts, made roots inside men's Sunday hats, and even spoiled the women's cloaks." When everyone was nearly distracted, there appeared before the city fathers a stranger who agreed, for a thousand guilders, to lure the rats away by piping a magical air. As he played, the rats followed down to the river, and were drowned. But the mayor refused to pay the promised sum. Whereupon the stranger again played his wondrous pipe and, this time, lured the children, who followed the music with shouting and laughter, and disappeared into a mountainside, never to return.

choly thoughts depress it. If the mind is "low," if the nerves are weak, the power sent to the muscles is diminished. Now every musical note is a living thought current. If electrical waves in air can carry a wireless message over thousands of miles, a musical wave may also find a response in the physical and mental being. The musical waves no doubt act and react on our nervous system. And surely they do adjust or maladjust, disturb or harmonize, the atoms and *ions* of our natures.

I found my musical ear of value in war service. I soon got accustomed to the sound of deadly missiles—in fact, I quickly began to make observations of their peculiarities. My ear, accustomed to differentiate sounds of all kinds, had noted a remarkable discrepancy in the whine produced by different shells as they passed overhead, some sounding shrill, with a rising cadence, and others rather dull, with a falling



From a painting by Wenzel Tornoe

Beethoven Playing to the Blind Girl

cadence. Every shell describes in its course a parabolic line, with the first half of the curve ascending, and the second one descending. Apparently, in the first half of its curve, while ascending, the shell produced a dull whine, accompanied by a falling cadence, which changed to a rising shrill as soon as the acme was reached, and the curve turned down. I was told that shells sounded different when going up than when coming down, but that this knowledge was not of value for practical purposes. I found that I could, with a trained musical ear, mark the spot where shells reached their acme, and so could give the almost exact range of guns.

MUSIC AND ANIMALS

Music affects even the animal world. The flute pleases and thrills the horse. The drum and trumpet awaken the spirit in this noble animal so that he plunges headlong on to the battlefield. The Hindu snake charmer



From a painting by F. Ulrich

Schubert in His Home



From a painting by H. Schneider

The Boy Mozart and His Sister

plays on his *poongi* flute, and deadly cobras crawl out and weave their sinuous way toward their seductive charmers. Not long ago a musical experiment was tried out at the New York Zoological Park. The animals were tested on the "jazz music" that so many modern human beings seem to fancy. The animals did not like it. The monkeys, in particular, went wild in anguished revolt.

NATIONAL MUSIC

It is passing strange that some would like to nationalize music. Music belongs to no nation. The spell of music is the same whether it is sung and played in America or England, in France or Italy, in India or China, in Russia or South Africa. Music, like art and literature, is universal; it transcends all national boundaries. Rodin belongs just as much to Russia as to France; Shakespeare just

as much to Europe and America as to England; Kalidasa just as much to England as to India; and Brahms just as much to Paris as to Vienna. As from the mountain top the world below is bereft of all national distinctions, so, viewed from the peak of higher understanding, nationality in art disappears.

It is cultural background, intellectual training, specialization, and execution that make the difference in the appreciation of music. If badly played, even Beethoven's symphonies would be a deadly drag. From my earliest days I have been interested in music, and music is my life; and yet, if I do not like the music of a negro in Darkest Africa, that does not make that music less vital, less real to the African. It is my own fault that I do not appreciate such music. The first time I heard Chinese music I did not like it at all. But later on, when I heard a Chinese scholar sing, the deeper and inner message of Chinese music was revealed to me. To understand music of this sort we must study national background and tradition.

In examining the cubist and futurist



From a painting by Margaret I. Dicksee

Young Handel

arts of to-day, one may fail to understand the meaning of lines and surfaces. One may scorn a picture, and call it grotesque, but to the artist it is real. Adherents to the traditional laws of pictorial art scoff at him, but he does not care. He looks at the picture he has produced from the angle of a highly accentuated imagination.

The same is true of music. The last movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, played to an untutored listener, may be no more than a crude march, but to one trained in music it is sublime revelation — as though the soul of a mortal had burst through the shell of egotism to stand face to face with the Infinite. When I hear Beethoven's symphonies, I think I know why he became deaf. It seems to me that he must have been

so saturated with exalted music feeling that a little more would have devastated him physically. It seems almost as if he *had to become* deaf, to be shut in, in order to gain an intensified hearing of the musical inspiration within him. No sound from outside could help him any more. The sonatas that he wrote while

deaf are the very essence of music.

Here it may be mentioned, by the way, that with the growing complexity of music, really great compositions are growing less in number. Haydn wrote one hundred and fifty symphonies, Mozart over forty, Beethoven nine, Tschaikovsky six, Schumann only four, and Brahms four.

The international animosities of the past few years have retarded the progress of music in the world. But in the task of reconstruction, of the regeneration of the human race, music will play a prominent part. I have, however, somewhat modified my views in this matter. Before the war I was enough of a dreamer to exaggerate the importance of music for the elevation of society. But I know Europe to-day, and I have seen things



From a painting by W. A. Breakspeare

Stradella

There is a story that the Italian composer Stradella was pursued by assassins, hired to avenge his elopement with a lovely maiden. But when they heard him play upon the organ, the divine message of the music so affected them that they crept away and left him unharmed with his beloved

with my own eyes. Now I hold that when men, women, and children actually die of starvation, or eke out an existence of lingering death, music, even the very best of it, cannot help them! The artist himself cannot sing or play on an empty stomach. Give the hungry musician a slice of bread and a glass of water, if a cup of sugarless



The Music of Love—From a painting by Carl Zevy
"If music be the food of love, play on."—Shakespeare



The Interval—From a painting by Seymour Lucas
"It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn to love."—Ricard

coffee is too much to expect—then his spirits will rise and he will produce good music. Give the hungry lover of music a bite of food—then he will enjoy music and smile. Music glorifies life but cannot preserve it. Music is the dome, a very beautiful dome, but not the foundation of the edifice of humanity.

As in music some notes mingle, so in life some vibrations are in accord. The underlying principle of this accord in life may be called love. Music and love are like twin sisters. Like flames of fire they both burn into the very core of our being. Music has often been defined as “the language of emotions,” and the profoundest of all emotions is love. The dominant note of most of the beautiful songs is love. Most of the grand operas strive to unfold this



From a painting by Wulff

Beethoven Listening to the Storm

glowing principle in life. Love invigorates art. One who cannot love greatly and unselfishly cannot accomplish great things in life. “Music,” says von Weber, “is the purest, most ethereal language of passion.” “I can grasp the spirit of music,” says Wagner, “in no other manner than in love.”

Most of the great musicians have been great lovers, for music creates love; it deepens and sanctifies love. Love has been the rudder to guide the ship of their lives.

In spite of all human thoughts and theories, life is still a mystery, love is a mystery, music is a mystery. No one can really define them. It is a supremely happy thing, nevertheless, that we can realize love and music in life. Both music and love blend with life as does color in a rainbow.



From a painting by Balestrieri

Beethoven Sonata

MOTHER AND CHILD IN MODERN ART



“IN THE GARDEN”

The models in this serene and harmonious group were the wife and children of the artist, George DeForest Brush. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



MOTHER AND CHILD IN MODERN ART

By WILLIAM STARKWEATHER

SINCE art began there has been no subject more popular with both artists and public than that of a mother and child. The old masters, serving with brush and chisel a Church that was a great patron of the arts, naturally turned to the religious interpretation of the motive. They gave us that wonderful series of pictures of the Madonna and Child that we treasure today in hundreds of museums and churches. The noble visions that these earlier artists wrought have ever since haunted the hearts and minds of humanity. Who that has seen the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, alone in her great room at the Dresden Gallery, can forget the soaring majesty of that canvas; who can forget the gray nervous beauty of the Virgins of El Greco at Toledo or the strange heavy-lidded charm and tenderness of the Madonnas of Botticelli in the Academy at Florence?

Modern art has remained faithful to the mother and child theme; the subject is a favorite one today with painters of all the manifold and somewhat confused schools of our time.

A few contemporary artists follow the traditional religious interpretations of the past, but far more approach the subject with the variety of viewpoint and freedom of thought characteristic of the day. As a result, their paintings have nothing of the stereotyped quality which one sometimes feels in certain of the Madonna pictures.

Their very variety makes these modern works an unusually interesting series of human documents, a study of the life, the thought and feeling of our time and of the artists who produced them. For there is nothing more true than that a man in his pictures inevitably paints a portrait of himself. Let an artist paint a cabbage or an old shoe exactly as he wishes and the thoughtful observer can tell you much as to what sort of person the painter may be. It is this truth that makes, to those who have gone far in art, even third and fourth rate work tolerable; though the picture may be halting in execution and deficient in beauty, it still offers interest; there is the man behind the picture to be studied.

The reason for the continued popularity of the mother and child theme is not far to seek. Those artists who, like the great masters of the past, have no fear of expressing

sentiment or emotion in their work, find in it the most poignant and touching theme in the world. That courageous artist who today dares tell a story in paint can hang numberless homely and moving incidents upon it. Aside, however, from its emotional appeal, the subject offers qualities that make it attract that large company of modern painters who abhor sentiment in painting and confine themselves strictly to rendering beautifully something that has been beautifully seen. The subject includes, or may easily be



In the Art Institute, Chicago

NEEDLESSLY ANXIOUS

By Ernst Zimmerman



THE KNITTING LESSON

By Jean Francois Millet

made to include, the two most gracious figures that we know, a young mother and a child. The curve of draperies, the encircling gesture of a mother's arms, the droop of her head, the natural grace of children lend themselves easily to art composition. The subject is a quiet and contemplative one, also, which is important, for most of the great art of the world has been quiet and contemplative.

France is the great leader of modern art and it is, therefore, on the somewhat flimsy walls of the Luxembourg Museum at Paris that we find some of the greatest modern paintings of motherhood and childhood. Of all French artists Eugene Carrière is the one who has devoted himself most continuously to this theme. His group "The Family," showing a mother and five children, and his "Maternity" are world



In the City Art Museum, St. Louis

TIRED OUT

By Edward E. Simmons

famous. Carrière painted plain every-day people in their work-a-day clothes. Poverty forced him to use his own wife and children as models, and this probably was the making of him, for he gave us pictures of indescribable charm and intimate tenderness which he could probably never have produced with less familiar models. He reduced his palette principally to black, white and brown, his pictures contain hardly a trace of other colors, and he insisted strongly on the envelopment of his figures in atmosphere. Until his death in 1906 he exagger-

ated more and more these atmospheric qualities, until at last his figures seem shrouded in clouds of smoke or steam. This caused furious controversies among artists and critics. It is stated that Whistler, standing before one of Carrière's pictures, remarked, "Oh, yes! someone has set fire to the nursery again!" The mothers of Carrière's pictures are troubled, careworn and harassed, full of pain and suffering, seem to express the anguish of the world. With their ghostly children, they loom specter-like through the



A VISIT TO GRANDFATHER

By B. J. Blommers



THE FRUGAL MEAL

By Josef Israels



In the Art Museum of Worcester, Mass.

A MOTHER

By Alfred Stevens

hazy twilight of the artist's paintings, producing a strange effect of pathos, of mystery and of grave beauty.

Grace and quiet beauty, with wonderful tone and quality, characterize the work of Jean Charles Cazin whose famous Hagar and Ishmael is also in the Luxembourg. In a region of sandy dune and desert at twilight, Cazin has placed the weeping mother whom the young son, with an exquisite gesture, attempts to console. Cazin loved solitude, wide sandy wastes, gentle melancholy views. Such a story as that of Hagar and Ishmael offered a subject after his own heart. He treated the



theme humanly with simple sincerity and without blatancy. An artist would note with pleasure the adequate drawing and the skilful spotting of the dark masses of dune grasses and shrubs. So excellent is the artistry in this picture, so true its melancholy poetry that it is a canvas that conquers not only our eye but our heart.

The great Jean François Millet, famous for the beauty, the simple sincerity, the broad humanity with which he painted scenes of French peasant life, bequeathed some charming mother and child pictures to posterity. "The Knitting Lesson" is one good example and another is his "First Steps," a delightful cottage garden scene with a child about to leave its mother's arms and risk a perilous journey down a garden path to the waiting father.

In contrast to the sincerity, naturalism and deep feeling of these works how shallow and artificial today seem the pretty mothers and children of William



In the Luxembourg Museum, Paris

MATERNITY

By Eugene Carrière



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MADAME CHARPENTIER AND HER CHILDREN

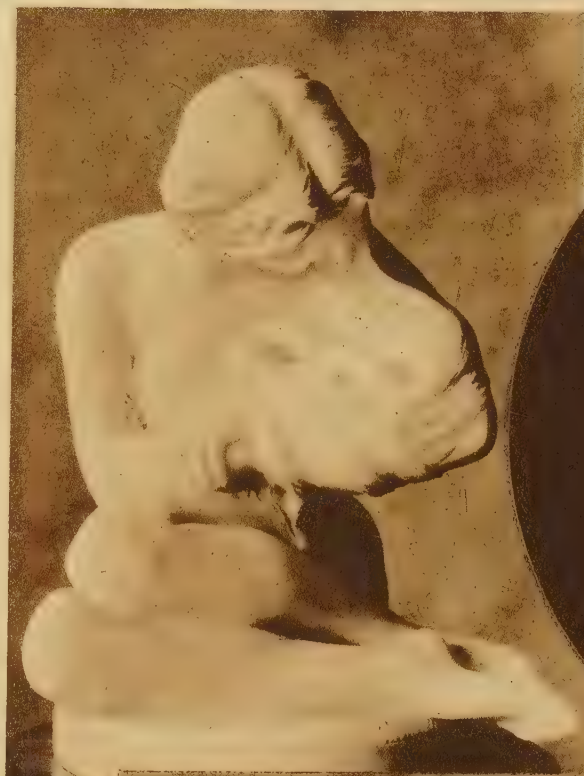
By Auguste Renoir

Bouguereau, more admired forty years ago during what is now known as the era of bad taste, than he is today. The only quality that makes Bouguereau's pictures tolerable to artists are his impeccable draughtsmanship and the ingenuities of his highly academic composition. Both artists and public dislike his sugared softness, and painters especially abhor his waxlike textures. Everything in his pictures, rocks, flesh, water, draperies, Cupid's wings and skies seems made of the same material. Bouguereau enjoyed his rewards during his lifetime. He lived to be eighty and painted continuously and with surprising rapidity, considering the rather high finish of his pictures. He sold practically everything that he painted and is said to have earned more money with his brush than any other artist ever did. The sum has been stated to be eleven million francs. Be that as it may, today his pictures are declining in value, his fame is on the wane, while Millet, who sold his pictures for a few francs and lived for the most part in poverty, has an unassailable rank among the very greatest of modern masters.

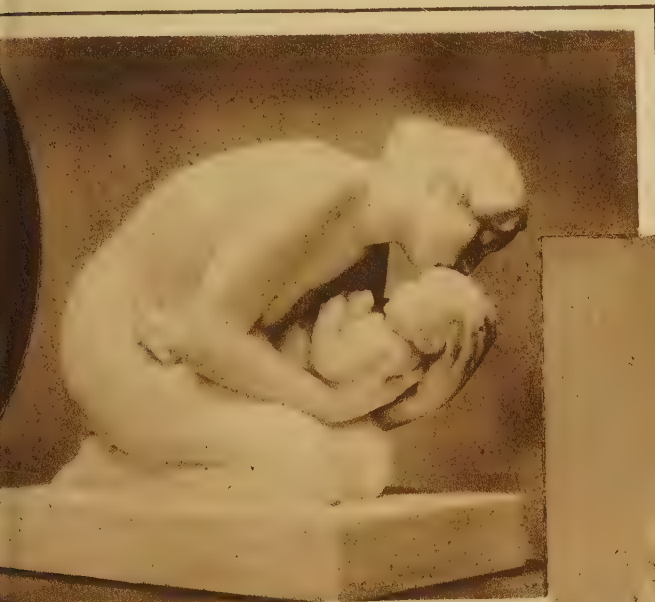
Another celebrated French painter of mothers and children is P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret. Often by use of the very faintest suggestion of a halo he gives the mother something of the madonna type. But he keeps very close to the grave clear-eyed dark beauty of the young French woman who has been a favorite type with him. One of his most celebrated pictures of this sort is in the Metropolitan Museum at New York. It is full of Bouveret's tenderness of feeling, quiet poetry and reserve.

The most famous and best of the paintings of Auguste Renoir, with Monet the great leader of the Impressionist school of art, is the beautiful portrait of Madame Charpentier and her children, now in the Metropolitan Museum. This picture made a profound sensation in art when first shown and has been a most important influence ever since. It is generally conceded that there is no better or more subtle flesh painting in modern art than in this canvas.

Mention must be made of Alfred Stevens, born in Belgium, but who passed most of his long life in Paris, where he died



MOTHERHOOD IN SCULPTURE



Five studies of Motherhood, by
Bela Pratt (upper left), Marie Apel
(lower left), Sherry Fry (center
upright) Arthur Lewin-Funcke
(upper right), Bessie Potter Vonnoh
(panel below)

THESE sculptural treatments of the mother and child theme are not only interesting in themselves, but are interesting through their contrasts. "Motherhood" by Bessie Potter Vonnoh, one of the sculptor's charming family groups, is realistic, why and intimate in treatment as befits a statuette upon such a theme. The work is typical of all of Mrs. Vonnoh's celebrated statuettes of mothers and children. In contrast to this are the highly formal and conventional lines of the statue by Sherry Fry. Here the artist has laid great stress upon rhythm and repetition, upon design in short, search-decorative effect. It is a style suitable for large work as well as for small. Between these two extremes is the charming "Mother" by Arthur Lewin-Funcke from the Metropolitan Museum. The lines of the figures have to some extent been formalized and lifted from nature so that the work is not as realistic as Mrs. Vonnoh's, while it is, however, far more heart-appealing than the highly conventionalized sculpture of Fry and the classic conception signed by Miss Apel.





In the New York Public Library

THE YOUNG MOTHER

By William Bouguereau

in 1906. We associate the name of Stevens principally with pictures of interiors, with figures typical of the refined world of the 70's and 80's. Today, his canvases seem to us a little stuffy and confused, but Stevens is recognized as one of the most remarkable painters of textures that has ever lived. Often his interest in lacquers and enamels, in bric-a-brac, in the sheen of satins and gleam of mirrors dominated his pictures rather more than any human quality in his models. One feels in his lovely picture, "The Mother," in the Worcester Museum, his interest in details of costume and furniture. He is not far from drowning out his mother and baby in luxurious accessories, but through his delicate taste, just saves

himself where another artist might easily have failed to do so.

The greatest of modern Dutch masters, Josef Israels, until his death in 1911, painted a long series of pictures of mothers with children. He generally placed his figures in the semi-obscurity of a small cottage. His deep-bosomed, bare-footed mothers are generally illumined by the light from a single small window marked by a bit of curtain or the flare of a geranium. He is fond of painting his children in the rocking cradles so beloved of our ancestors and now so condemned by baby experts. In these simple pictures Israels rises to great heights of pictorial beauty and poetic feeling.

It is a piquant contrast to turn from such pictures full of



In the Art Institute, Chicago

CRADLE SONG

By Arthur Hacker



HAPPY DAYS

By Elizabeth Nourse

© Detroit Pub. Co.

entiment to paint-
ings of mothers and
children by other
artists where the
ainter has omitted
entiment entirely
and confined him-
self to rendering
through beautiful
painting something
beautifully seen.
Two of the most
brilliant portrait
painters of our day,
Giovanni Boldini
and John S. Sar-
gent, have also



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

FAIRY TALES

By J. J. Shannon



THE STORY BOOK

By W. T. Smedley

essayed the mother and child theme. Both of these men approach their problem purely through its exterior and visual aspects. They have little to do with sentiment or tenderness; as a matter of fact, both painters are frequently harsh, and, either consciously or unconsciously, ironic in their treatment of their sitters. Boldini, an Italian living in Paris, has been unfortunate in the subjects he has chosen. He often appears to be mocking the long, feverish, wicked-looking women and anemic children he generally paints. He found, however, one sympathetic subject in the Duchess of Marlborough and her son. The height of the Duchess, the long lines of her figure, suit Boldini's style and he has struck a natural and pleasant note in the boyish way her young son sprawls half across her lap and half across a nearby chair.

There is a great deal to reward study in Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer and her children. It is a picture to give the thoughtful pause, and attracted enormous attention when shown at Paris in

1900. The lady sits, a blaze of rose satin and pearls at one end of a Louis XVI sofa. One arm outstretched at full length touches the hand of one of two children who peer over the back of the sofa at the great artist who is painting their lovely mother. Under the superficial blaze of Sargent's brushwork there is a real search for character which he indicates with remarkable and sometimes cruel precision and often with the simplest means. His work is brilliant and irresistible, full of a certain vehement vitality that render his pictures unforgettable.

Like Sargent, James J. Shannon is an American who has spent his life largely in England. His "Fairy Tales" in the Metropolitan Museum is seen with a painter's vision and rendered in beautiful color and quality although greatly harmed by the ungracious angle from which he has painted the mother's head. The painter's quality in Shannon's picture is absent, for example,



In the Corecoran Gallery, Washington

MOTHER AND CHILD

By George DeForest Brush



MRS. CARL MEYER AND HER CHILDREN
By John Singer Sargent



In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

THE MOTHER

By Charles W. Hawthorne

in the popular story-telling picture of Frederick W. Elwell. But like nearly all English pictures, his works are well drawn, and such illustrative painting serves a purpose. Art is a dangerous adventure to amateurs. They may start with Elwell and arrive at Degas and Velasquez!

Gari Melchers, an American who has spent his life largely in north Holland, has painted robustly the robust mothers and children of the dune country, stressing to some extent the decorative elements in their quaint costumes. His pictures are

refreshing in their sturdy directness and truth. Mary Cassatt and Elizabeth Nourse are American painters who reside in Europe. Both have painted motherhood and childhood with a woman's penetrating vision. Mary Cassatt was a favorite pupil of De-

gas, and she has carried forward many of his essential characteristics, though with much weaker draughtsmanship

Among American painters living in their own country who paint pictures of mothers and children a high place must be given to George De Forest Brush. As a young man



Courtesy Durand-Ruel, New York

MATERNAL LOVE

By Mary Cassatt



THE FIRSTBORN
By Frederick Elwell



Courtesy Babcock Galleries, New York

SANCTITY OF MOTHERHOOD
By W. R. Leigh



he produced remarkably poetic pictures of American Indians, but soon abandoned this type of work and began to paint family groups posed for, for the most part, by his wife and seven children. An admirer of the Florentine tradition, Brush has sought his ideals of beauty entirely along this path. He has not occupied himself with changing art styles or with meeting public taste. The purely human quality of these pictures, their strength, their simplicity, their beauty of subject matter, of color, design and execution ensures their endurance.

The late William M. Chase, returning to New York after student days in Munich, produced some charming full-length paintings of mothers and children following the Velasquez tradition with, at times, signs of that new admiration for the Japanese that characterized the period of his youth. One of the last pictures Chase worked on was a portrait of his wife and son finished after his death by Irving R. Wiles.

Charles W. Hawthorne is famous for the pictures he has painted at Provincetown of Portuguese fisher folk. The very young mother with her infant is a favorite theme with him. His picture of this subject in the Boston Museum with its rare color, its delicate workmanship, its search for precious tone and quality, is entirely typical. Sargent Kendall is

another American painter who has made many of his greatest successes with family groups. America's strong women painters have produced some charming mother and child pictures. Miss Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter Ethel, painted in the White House, is notable; Mrs.

Louise Cox, who specializes in child portraits, has been very successful with the theme, as have Lydia Field Emmet, Ellen Emmet Rand, and M. Jean McLane, the latter often working in a decorative vein that recalls the English school of the eighteenth century.

The pictures painted by these talented women are valuable contributions to American art and hold their own with the best that have been wrought by any of the modern schools on the subject of those most precious of life's mysteries, motherhood and childhood.

The painting of young children as a matter of fact has always appealed strongly to women; they paint children with intimate knowledge, with a delight in a child's characterization, its gesture, its quaint dress that men rarely if ever equal. This talent has naturally been of great aid to women artists who have engaged in painting pictures of mother and child. Their pictures have a certain penetrating vision, a subtle sympathetic sentiment that render them widely appealing.



Privately owned

PORTRAIT OF MARGARET DONEGAN A Studio Scrubwoman

By William Starkweather

This painting combines a modern democratic theme with the traditional and formal lines of the ecclesiastical "vision picture" of early Italian and Spanish Art

"There are those of great nobility of heart, upon whose lives the most potent influence is the conviction of the nearness at all times of some one greatly beloved but long since dead. To those noble natures these unseen presences are more vital and important than living people"—

Henri Nauthonier

THE PERSONALITY OF KREISLER



Fritz Kreisler as a Boy

was most extraordinary," said Ernest Newman, ablest of English critics. "We shall never see the like again. At the end, the audience remained in the hall for a full fifteen minutes' applauding, literally without a moment's break."

Kreisler reaches the heart, and satisfies the mind. His friends say that the wellspring of his success is the nobility of his character, the unselfishness of his life. "We in India derive much consolation in life," I once said to him, "from a poem in which a man that had no shoes went sadly to a temple; there he found a man without feet, and his misery left him at once."

"I derive my consolation," said Kreisler, "in quite a different way: if I am unhappy myself, I am happy that there are others that are happy."

Kreisler is more than a musician of note. He is a scholar, a philosopher, a scientist, an art critic. He reads Latin and Greek, and speaks English, French, Spanish, German, and Italian. He has studied the science of medicine, studied art in Rome, music in Vienna and Paris. I have known him intimately for many years, and I have never heard him speak ill of others. His love for humanity is all-embracing.

He lives an incredibly simple life. Plain living and high thinking are the keynotes of his existence. "I have no right to live in luxury. My wife thinks exactly the same way. We have not built or bought a luxurious home for ourselves. So many people are homeless! We feel that to order a costly meal is to deprive others of bread. We have

no right to spend money lavishly on ourselves." This from the highest paid violinist in the world! A man whose bow earns a fortune every year!

What the Kreislers save they spend to relieve distress. They are particularly sympathetic to the needs of children. During the war it is well known that they supported hundreds of artists of all nationalities who were stranded abroad.

Kreisler is often seen on street cars and trains. He has no automobile. He dines in modest restaurants. Mrs. Kreisler, a charming woman of American birth, is in complete sympathy with her husband's views and habits of life.

Kreisler says about his violin playing, "I was born with musical feeling. I knew music before I knew my ABC's, so I deserve no credit, no thanks for my art. Do people praise fishes for their swimming, or birds for singing? Moreover, if there is income from my music, it does not belong to me. It belongs to human society. I am just a medium for the distribution of a trust fund."

This is the gospel of the world-beloved artist, Fritz Kreisler.—*Basanta Koomar Roy.*



From a photo by H. T. Koshiba

A Recent Picture of the Great Violinist

DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS

FOR centuries Christmas has meant a new doll to millions of little girls throughout the world, and, probably, it will continue to for centuries to come; love of dolls is one of the deepest rooted human characteristics.

The first dolls were pieces of bone wrapped in a rag; the latest and most elaborate are those created by the famous English architect, Sir Edward Lutyens, to people the tiny palace he designed for Queen Mary of England. The queen's dolls are six inches tall; there is a king in royal robes, a journalist with silk hat and note book, a plumber in overalls, a chef, a nurse, prince and princess, and, in the drawers of the lacquer chest on which the palace stands, admirals, bishops, doctors, and even a royal aunt. At night the shades are drawn and the electric lights snapped on; elevators move up and down between floors; the various rooms are fitted with miniature devices which "work." A miniature piano that can be played, miniature books that can be opened

and read, and other "real" furnishings distinguish this most complete and expensive of playthings.

A visit to any museum shows that dolls were the playthings of primitive man. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City there is a remarkable collection of Egyptian dolls depicting soldiers, priests, masons, butchers, and bakers at work at their vocations. There is



Egyptian



Dolls in Eskimo Dress



Siamese

even a complete brewery. These toys were intended for the tomb of a rich nobleman, but some of them are broken, and it is thought that the children of the household, answering the age-old instinct, stole into the storeroom and played with the fascinating puppets.

In many cases the dolls of antiquity were used in connection with religious ceremonies. But even religious authority has been unable to prevent children from playing with them. Mohammed forbade the reproduction of human features, yet there are dolls in Mohammedan countries to-day, and the prophet himself is said

to have joined his nine-year-old wife, Ayesha, in her play with dolls.

The source of the word "doll" is itself uncertain. It is thought to have come from that of St. Dorothea, a Christian martyr whose life ended at Caesarea in the year 303 A. D. Dolls were called "children's babies" in the middle ages. Many children were named Dorothy in honor of the saint, and children having

that name were expected to be especially good—so the name was passed on to dolls. Another suggested derivation is from the Norse word *dauil*; it has even been suggested that the word was evolved from "idol." The French word for doll, "*poupée*," is believed to have come from Poppæa, the name of the consort of the infamous Roman emperor Nero. A collection of waxen images was brought to Paris during the time of the



Chinese



A Modern
"Character Doll"

mad king Charles VI. Isabella, his consort, chose one representing Poppæa—because it particularly pleased the king.

In Japan, when a daughter is born to the house, the parents present the infant in arms with a collection of dolls—emperor, empress, and musicians, at least five in all. To these are added gods and goddesses, and other members of the royal family as the resources of the parents and their friends

miniature thrones. When the daughter marries, the dolls go with her to her new home, where they are cared for until the eldest son marries, when they are given to him. In time, the collection of dolls must be considerable.

It was the custom in ancient Venice to show ecclesiastical dolls at the annual fair on Assumption Day. Ancient Venice was the Paris of that day, and as these dolls



And His Lifelike
Little Sister

will admit. The costumes of these dolls are all correct to the smallest detail. The little daughter does not have much fun with them, however, as they are all carefully preserved, and she is allowed to play with them only on holidays, especially at the "doll festival," when the dolls are brought down from their resting place and are placed in tiers on red-covered shelves prepared for them in the guest-room. Everything a doll could desire in the way of furniture is added; the emperor and empress even look down stolidly from



Dolls in Antique Russian Costume

were dressed in the style that was to prevail the "next season," the exhibition was the first "fashion show." Later this custom was introduced at Paris.

Dolls have been used in commerce from time immemorial. "Fashion dolls" are to be seen to-day in the windows of dressmakers. They are used by museums to show historical costumes. The Metropolitan Museum has such a collection.

Dolls are found in the churches of Latin countries. The most famous is the jeweled *bambino* in the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome.



Colonial American



French, about 1724



French in time of Louis XIV

LOVE LETTERS OF THE FAMOUS

"IT IS a talent to love," says one of George Eliot's women characters; and the immortal Balzac observes: "One must have genius to love, and there are few such." If this be so, then the records we find in history and literature of the hearts that have loved so well and suffered so greatly are all the more touching because they are so few.

It is strange how little the expressions of love vary from century to century. The old Roman writer Pliny, living in the first century, begs his wife to write him every day, and tells her he is unhappy until she returns, in very much the same phrase as the loving husband of our own time. "My chief happiness is in yours," wrote Pliny nearly 2,000 years ago. "Believe me, there is nothing I would not do if it would make you happy. Life is no life when you are away."

In the following letters, reflecting the emotions of widely varied characters in widely different times, we find the old story retold. Love's language is the same with all mankind.

The poet Otway to the actress Mrs. Barry (about 1670):

Consider how I love you. What would I not renounce or undertake for you? I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy hour can make the rest of my life tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look on me more; for I cannot bear a kind look, and then a cruel repulse. This minute my heart aches for you; and if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer. Remember poor Otway.

The dramatist Farquhar to the actress Mrs. Oldfield (about 1700):

Give me leave to call you "dear Madam" and tell you I am now stepping into bed, and that I speak with as much sincerity as if I were stepping into my grave. Sleep is so great an emblem of death that my words ought to be as real as if I were sure never to awaken. Then may I never again be blest with the light of the sun and the joys of last Wednesday, if you are not as dear to me as my hopes of waking in health to-morrow morning. Your charms lead me, my inclinations prompt me, and my reason confirms me.

Dean Swift to "Stella" (1710):

I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your dear little eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think that you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes and write just a line and no more, thus, *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open; and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low. . . .

Richard Steele to Mary Scurllock (1707):

With what language shall I address my lovely fair,



The poet Percy Bysshe Shelley and his wife Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, author of "Frankenstein"

to acquaint her with the sentiments of a heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and when I am with you, you use me with so much distance that I am still in a state of absence, heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove you have worn, or I cannot live; otherwise, you must expect that I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself

are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurllock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore, say the day in which you will take that of *Madam*.

Laurence Sterne to Kitty Tourmantelle (1759):

My dear Kitty, I have sent you a pot of sweetmeats and a pot of honey, neither of them half so sweet as yourself; but don't be vain upon this, or presume to grow sour upon this character of sweetness I give you; for if you do I shall send you a pot of pickles by way of contraries to sweeten you up and bring you to yourself again. Whatever changes happen to you, believe me I am unalterably yours, L. S.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale:

Is not my soul laid open before you in these veracious pages? These are the letters by which souls are united and by which minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves. I know, dearest lady, that in the perusal of this—such is the consanguinity of our intellects—you will be touched as I am touched. I have indeed concealed nothing from you, nor do I ever expect to repent of having thus opened my heart.

Robert Burns to "Clarinda" (1788):

Be assured I shall ever think of you, muse on you, and, in my hours of devotion, pray for you. The hour

that you are not in all my thoughts—"be that hour darkness! let the shadows of death cover it! let it not be numbered in the hours of day!"

The poet Shelley to his wife Mary (1818):

Well, my dearest Mary, are you very lonely? Tell me the truth, my sweetest, do you ever cry? I shall hear from you in Venice, and once on my return here. If you love me, you will keep up your spirits. . . . I accept your present of your picture, and wish you would get it prettily framed for me. I will wear for your sake upon my heart this image which is ever present to my mind.

Byron to Countess Guicciola (1818):

I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter—to what purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

But all this is too late. I love you and you love me—at least, you say so and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

The poet Keats to Fanny Brawne (1819):

My sweet Fanny, will your heart never change? My love, will it? I have no limit now to my love. Your note came in just here. I cannot be happier away from you. 'Tis richer than an argosy of pearls. Do not threaten me, even in jest. I have been astonished that men could die martyrs for religion—I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more; I could be martyred for my religion—love is my religion—I could die for that. I could die for you. My creed is Love, and you are its only tenet. You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist; and yet I could resist till I saw you; and even since I have seen you I have endeavored often to "reason against the reasons of my love." I can do that no more—the pain would be too great. My love is selfish. I cannot breathe without you. Yours forever.

King Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn (1538):

My Mistress and Friend—My heart and I surrender ourselves into your hands, beseeching you to hold us commended to your favor, and that by absence your affection to us may not be lessened; for it would be a great pity to increase our pain, of which absence produces enough and more than I could ever have thought could be felt; reminding us of a point of astronomy, which is this, the longer the days are the more distant is the sun, and nevertheless the hotter; so it is with our love, for by absence we are kept at a distance from one another, and yet it retains its fervor, at least on my side. I hope the like on yours, assuring you that on my part the pain of absence is already too great for me; and when I think of the increase of that which I

am forced to suffer, it would be almost intolerable but for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me. And to remind you of this sometimes, and seeing that I cannot be personally present with you, I now send you the nearest thing I can to that; namely, my picture set in bracelets with the whole of the device, which you already know, wishing I were in their place when it should please you.

This is from the hand of your loyal servant and friend, H., R.

Walter Raleigh to his wife, written after his condemnation to death in 1603:

You shall now receive, dear wife, my last words in these, my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave and be buried with me in dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that I shall ever see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself.

Firstly, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me.

Secondly, I beseech you by the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself in grief many days, but seek to help the miserable fortunes of our poor child. Thy mourning cannot avail me; I am but dust. . . . Remember

your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. God is my witness, it is for you and yours I desired life; but it is true I disdain myself for begging of it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death. I can write no more.

The everlasting God, Infinite, Powerful, Inscrutable, keep thee and mine. My own true wife, farewell.

Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton (at sea, August, 1803):

We have had, my dearest Emma, two days pretty strong gales. This is the fourth gale we have had since July 6, but the "Victory" is so easy at sea that I trust we shall never receive any material damage.

It is never my intention, if I can help it, to go into any port; my business is at sea, and to get hold of the French fleet; and so I shall, by patience and perseverance. . . .

I entreat that you will let nothing fret you, only believe, once for all, that I am ever your own Nelson. I have not a thought except on you and the French fleet. All my thoughts, plans, and toils tend to those two objects, and I will embrace them both so close, when I can lay hold of either one or the other, that the devil himself should not separate us. Don't laugh at my putting the French fleet and you together, but you cannot be separated. I long to see you both in your proper places: the French fleet at sea, you at dear Merton, which, in every sense of the word, I expect to find a paradise.



John Keats and Fanny Brawne. The silhouette is the only known portrait of Keats' loved one

THE GREATEST VIOLIN MAKER

JAN KUBELIK, world-famous violinist, was crossing to England for a concert tour when his steamer collided with another in the Channel. In the excitement he forgot his own danger, but, rushing to his cabin, tied a life preserver around his Stradivari violin—an instrument he values at \$100,000. This is many times more than any violin was ever sold for, but Kubelik would not give up the “emperor of his collection” for less. He has an Indian servant to carry the treasured antique about on tours, and give it the care needed to keep it in condition.

Fritz Kreisler has a Stradivari violin that he appraises at \$30,000, and another made by Joseph Guarneri. Albert Spalding’s pet violin also bears the label of the great Guarneri, and the date 1735.

To distinguish an artistic imitation of an old violin from a real one requires years of study and experience. A well-preserved Stradivari brings from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars. A good modern imitation of an Italian masterpiece can be bought for a hundred dollars. Different specimens of instruments by the same maker sell for a variety of prices, dependent on the period when they were made, the state of the wood and varnish, the workmanship, the tone, the beauty of finish, and historic association. It is believed that there are about five hundred Stradivari violins now in existence, and a dozen of these are owned in the United States. Thousands of factory-made violins are sold with spurious labels of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century makers.

Stradivari, or Stradivarius as the name was given on the Latin label inscriptions, knew little about the principles of acoustics, but he was a supremely good carpenter.



*"And in its hollow chamber thus,
The maker from whose hand it came
Had written his unrivaled name,
Antonius Stradivarius."—Longfellow*

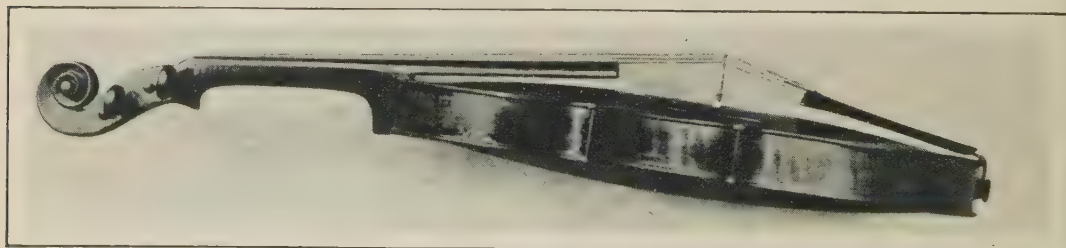
Like his master, Nicolo Amati, at whose death he inherited tools, models, and a stock of choice wood, Antonio Stradivari excelled in the fitting of joints, the cutting of sound holes, and the application of the celebrated Cremona varnish. Players and collectors came from all over Europe to buy his violins. He usually got about \$20 apiece for them.

The master was born, probably in 1644 in the town of Cremona in North Italy. He began as a very little boy to work with Amati, and worked almost up to his death, at the age of 93. Altogether he turned out upward of a thousand violins, violas, and violoncellos. The “grand pattern” violins, made between the years 1700 and 1725, are the finest. They are solid, flat, gently curved, with sound holes close together, and they glow with the brilliancy of Japanese lacquer. The arch of the typical “Strad” is low; the color ranges from clear straw-yellow to cherry-brown or deep auburn-red.

There is a tradition that wood cut from the south side of a tree gives a richer vibration. Stainer, the Tyrolean maker, used to pick out trees that had begun to die off at the top. For the sound board, or belly, of the instrument, pine or spruce is chosen; for the back, sides, scroll, and neck, maple wood. The secret of the unrivaled Italian varnish, which preserved the wood and made it resonant, died with Stradivari.

Old instruments are not always better than modern ones. Their condition vitally affects the tone. But it is quite certain that no violins made in the present time will be as sonorous, vigorous, and sweet two hundred years from now as the beautiful instruments tooled with skill and care by the violin makers of Cremona.

Richard Dean.



A typical Stradivari violin (“Healy,” 1711), made at the height of the master’s career. Note the length of the instrument and the low arch



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THE GREATEST CHRISTIAN SHRINE



The Place of the Nativity at Bethlehem in the Holy Land

Crypt under the altar of the Chapel of the Nativity, which is revered as the veritable birthplace of Christ. The star marks the spot where the infant Christ is believed to have lain. It bears the arms of France.

AT CHRISTMAS the eyes of the Christian world are turned on the little town of Bethlehem in Palestine, for there, in a grotto on the eastern slope of a rocky ridge, is situated the traditional birthplace of Christ.

St. Luke says: "And they came in haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

A huge church, its main entrance walled up to prevent Mohammedan soldiers from using it as a stable, covers the greatest Christian shrine. Three faiths jointly control it—Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic, and Armenian. The church is of such simple architecture and obvious antiquity that it is believed to be in the main the structure the Greek emperor Constantine caused to be built. Before Constantine's time, according to legend, the Roman emperor Hadrian razed the chapel that stood on the spot and supplanted it with a temple of Adonis as an insult to the Christians.

Around the Church of the Nativity have raged the storms of history. It was threatened with destruction in the countless wars that ravaged the Holy Land. The Moslem invasion left it untouched, miraculously, the legend says. When recaptured by the Crusaders, a Greek emperor restored it and

decorated it with gold mosaic. King Edward IV of England gave lead to reroof it, which at the end of the seventeenth century the Turks stripped off and made into bullets. About this time the Greek Church secured control of the church, which it enjoyed under the rule of the Turks until 1850, when the Latins, supported by Napoleon III, demanded the key to the main entrance and the right to place a silver star on the birthplace of Christ. Russia supported the Greek Church in its opposition to these demands, and the controversy was one of the causes of the Crimean War.

In the Chapel of the Nativity, under the large church, is the rocky crypt, marked with a silver star and blazing jewel-encrusted lamps, in which the infant Christ is believed to have lain. A rich altar surmounts it. Six of the fifteen lamps that burn in this recess belong to the Greek Church, five to the Armenian, and four to the Roman Catholic.

In the chapel is shown a marble manger which is said to have cradled Jesus, but the crypt itself may have been the manger, for a manger in Syria is merely a hollow place scooped in the side of a rocky wall. Great painters have overlooked this, and placed the infant Christ in the wooden manger familiar to the western world.

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A MILLIONAIRE PLAYWRIGHT

FRANZ MOLNAR, Hungarian playwright, creator of queer personalities, has invented no character more fantastic than his own. He is a man of mystery to millions that know his name and go to see his plays. A master of satire and whimsy, he has written a dozen successes that have earned him fortune and renown. In Europe his work creates more discussion than that of any other author. In America his best known plays are "The Devil," "The Phantom Rival," "Where Ignorance is Bliss," and "Liliom." "Liliom" began a long run under the auspices of the Theatre Guild in the spring of 1921. At the present writing two companies are playing it in New York, one in English and one in Yiddish. When "The Devil" was produced here several years ago, two companies played it simultaneously, also.

Molnar is very rich, as rich as he is eccentric.

It is said that he possesses more gold than the Austrian Government. He has great wealth, while his countrymen starve. In Budapest, his native city, people often rise and cheer when he enters a meeting place. The successful humorist, the millionaire playwright, the bright light of café life, is envied and extravagantly admired, but he is also intensely disliked for his boorish ways. Once, when he was asked to make a speech at a dinner to a poet, he spent all the time allotted him ridiculing the verses of the guest of honor.

Molnar could live in a palace, surrounded by luxury. He chooses, instead, a two-room apartment in an obscure hotel, on an island in the Danube. The island is reached from Budapest by bridge or ferry. Molnar uses the bridge—he is afraid of water and mistrusts all boats. This is the reason he has never crossed the Atlantic.

He was born in 1878, the son of a well-to-do Jewish merchant. From the time he

began to write, as a youth in college, his facility for characterization and delicate phrase made his work stand out. His efforts as a journalist brought him not only fame but also a wife, the daughter of a prominent editor. Their life together lasted only a few months. For years a literary duel

was carried on between the playwright and his former wife. Madam Molnar made it a point to get a position on whatever newspaper staff her husband was working. Often their contributions appeared in adjoining columns. During the World War they were both engaged as correspondents. She exceeded him in courage, but he outstripped her in writing ability, and had the satisfaction of seeing many of his human-interest stories of the war reprinted in the press of England, France, and America.

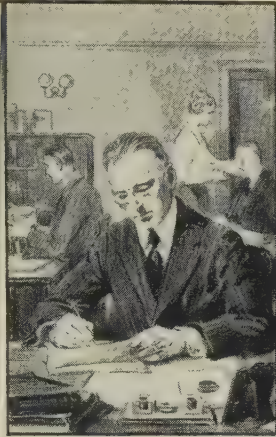
Some people say that Molnar lives in his dreary rooms alone;

others that he has the companionship of a second wife, an actress who sometimes appears in his plays. In appearance he is compared to Oscar Wilde. He has a plump pink face, penetrating dark eyes, graying hair, and a heavy-set figure of medium height.

As a dramatist, Molnar has the faculty of stirring curiosity and interest in the minds of the masses, and he wins high praise from serious critics, as well. That is why his plays, often sown in cynicism and sin and frailty, reap such a golden harvest. The best thing he has done in a long while is "Liliom," the biography of a hoodlum and a criminal. The play failed when first produced abroad, but after ten years it has been revived with enormous success. From "The Phantom Rival" a libretto has been created for a melodious operetta called "The Love Letter," in which John Charles Thomas has the leading rôle. Molnar is the Midas of playwrights. Whatever he does seems bound to turn into gold. *Ann Foster Chapin.*



From a portrait drawing made in Vienna
Franz Molnar



"Why my father is . . ."

she hesitated and grew red

IN an eastern college a group of girls were talking about their fathers, in that proud, confident way that young people have.

"My father is president of a railroad," one of them said.

"And mine is a judge."

"And mine owns the largest factory in our town." . . . The fourth girl was silent; the others turned to her inquiringly.

"Why my father is" . . . she hesitated, grew red, and then raising her head defiantly continued, "my father is just the kindest old dad in the world."

And with that she turned and brushing a rebellious tear from her eyes dashed out of the room.

The two fathers who started together To make men's hopes come true

Years ago, in a big organization, two young men set out hopefully side by side. Each was married, and their little homes were not far apart, their children played together.

As the years went by one forged ahead. He went out on the road to sell goods, but selling alone did not satisfy him. He found a way to learn something of accounting and costs, something of factory and office management, of advertising and merchandising and corporation finance.

And because such knowledge simply cannot be hid, he came ultimately to the top of the company where it is his business to direct the activities of men in all these various departments.

The other man was equally faithful and worked equally hard, but his knowledge never extended beyond the one department of the business where he began.

He is head of that department today—chief accountant—a useful cog in the great machine which the other man controls.

You are paying for this training whether you receive it or not

Both men are successful in a sense. Both are adored by their children as the "kindest old dads in the world." But the one man has realized in full upon his opportunities, and the other has not.

Each has known that to be true for many years.

And now their children know it.

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The training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute costs a little in money and in time. But what a price those men pay who do not accept the training!

What a cost in opportunities that pass them by because they have not the knowledge or self-confidence to make them their own. What a cost in years of routine

progress when the progress might be rapid and sure.

What a cost in dreams that are not fulfilled, in plans for the family so long deferred!

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?? WHO: WHAT: WHEN: WHY ???

** *We print below the answers to several of the more important questions included in The Mentor's recent Questionnaire.*

Question. Name the planets in our solar system.

Answer. The Earth, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus.

Question. What animal or flower is associated with the following countries: France, England, Scotland, Russia, Ireland?

Answer. France, fleur-de-lys. England, lion. Scotland, thistle. Russia, bear. Ireland, shamrock.

Question. Who was the Maid of Orleans, the Little Corporal, the Iron Chancellor, Le Grand Monarque, the Scourge of God.

Answer. Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Bismarck, Louis XIV of France, Attila, the leader of the Huns.

Question. What is the Holy Grail?

Answer. The Holy Grail is the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. In this vessel Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drops of Christ's blood as he was taken from the cross. By Joseph, according to one account, the cup was carried to Britain. Other accounts affirm that it was brought by angels from heaven and entrusted to a body of knights, who guarded it on the top of a mountain: when approached by anyone not perfectly pure, it vanished from sight. The Grail having been lost, it became the great object of search or quest to knights errant of all nations, none being qualified to discover it but a knight perfectly chaste in thought and act.

Question. Who wrote "America," "Home, Sweet Home," "Psalm of Life," "Thanatopsis," "The Raven," "Old Sweetheart of Mine," "Recessional," "Crossing the Bar," "Lady of the Lake," "Rip Van Winkle," "In Flanders Fields," "Poor Richard's Almanac," "The Tempest"?

Answer. Samuel Francis Smith, an American Baptist clergyman, wrote "America." "Home, Sweet Home"—John Howard Payne. "Psalm of Life"—H. W. Longfellow. "Thanatopsis"—William Cullen Bryant. "The Raven"—Edgar Allan Poe. "Old Sweetheart of Mine"—James Whitcomb Riley. "Recessional"—Rudyard Kipling. "Crossing the Bar"—Alfred Tennyson. "Lady of the Lake"—Sir Walter Scott. "Rip Van Winkle"—Washington Irving. "In Flanders Fields"—Lieut. Col. John D. McCrae. "Poor Richard's Almanac"—Benjamin Franklin. "The Tempest"—Shakespeare.

Question. Who painted the Sistine Madonna, The Last Supper, Baby Stuart, Simplicity, The Night Watch, The Angelus, The Horse Fair, Breaking Home Ties?

Answer. Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rembrandt, J. F. Millet, Rosa Bonheur, Thomas Hovenden.

Question. Who designed St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, London; St. John the Divine, New York; Brooklyn Bridge; the Capitol, Washington?

Answer. Michaelangelo designed the dome and the general features of the edifice. St. Paul's was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Heins and LaFarge designed St. John the Divine. Brooklyn Bridge was designed by John Roebling and his son Washington. Thornton made the general design of the Capitol, Latrobe and Bulfinch made modifications, and T. U. Walter made the extensions and the dome.

Question. Who modeled The Thinker, The Lion of Lucerne, The Greek Slave, Cupid and Psyche, Statue of Liberty, New York?

Answer. Rodin, Thorwaldsen, Hiram Powers, Canova, Bartholdi.

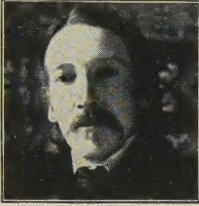
Question. What are the following, and where are they: The Parthenon, Taj Mahal, Pantheon, Alhambra, The Madeleine, Christ of the Andes, The Sphinx, Bridge of Sighs, "The Cheshire Cheese," The Escorial, Hall of Mirrors, Elgin Marbles, The Bastille, The Vatican, The Laocoon?

Answer. The Parthenon is the temple of Pallas Athene situated on the hill, the Acropolis, at Athens. The Taj Mahal is a beautiful tomb built at Agra, India, by Shah Jehan in memory of his wife, Taj Bibi Mumtaz-i-Mahal. The Pantheon is a building in Rome dedicated to the divine ancestors of the Julian family. There is also a Pantheon in Paris, which serves as a mausoleum. The Alhambra is a splendid palace built by the Moors in Granada, Spain. The Madeleine is a famous church in Paris. Christ of the Andes is a great statue standing on the border line of Argentina and Chili, a monument of peace between these two countries. The Sphinx is an enormous crouching figure, hewn from natural rock, near the Great Pyramid, Egypt. The Bridge of Sighs is a bridge in Venice over which persons used to pass for trial or judgment. The Cheshire Cheese is an old tavern in London, where David Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and other famous writers used to meet. The Escorial is an enormous monastery—palace—church—built by Philip II, situated thirty miles from Madrid, Spain. The Hall of Mirrors is a famous room in the Palace of Versailles lined with mirrors, where many famous treaties have been signed, including the Franco-Prussian Treaty of 1870 and the recent treaty that ended the World War. The Elgin Marbles are the Marbles of the Frieze of the Parthenon, brought to London by Lord Elgin, and placed in the British Museum. The Bastille was a state prison in Paris which was assaulted and destroyed by the mob in 1789. The Vatican is the name of the papal palace in Rome. The Laocoon is a group of classic statuary in the Vatican, showing the figure of a father and two sons in the coils of great sea serpents.

WHAT THEY HAVE WRITTEN YOU SHOULD READ



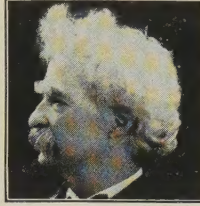
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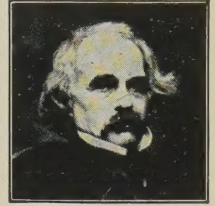
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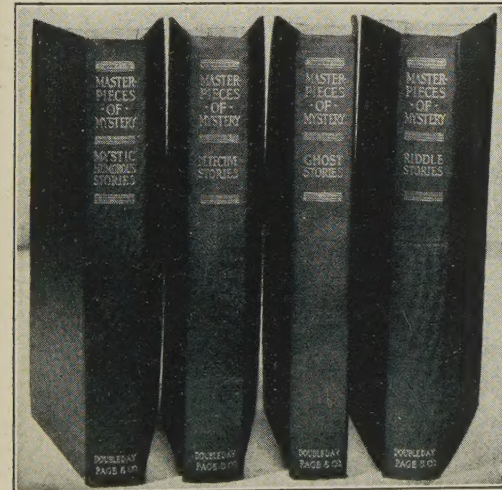
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**EDITED BY
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THE OPEN LETTER

MUSIC is now declared to be "medicine." Mr. Kreisler tells us that science has recognized its value. This is not surprising, for the effect of music on life and character was noted long ago. In all the ages, music has been credited with a potent influence.

The evil spirits left Saul under the spell of David's harp. At the sound of the ram's horn the walls of Jericho were destroyed, and Gideon conquered the Midianites with the blare of trumpets. The Marseillaise and The Rákóczy March, in times past, aroused the people to madness; and, to-day, men of all races thrill in heart at the sound of their national hymn. Some music brings peace of mind; and other music, storm and stress. What is its power, that it can arouse noble aspirations, or, on the other hand, can entice one to depravity? Why does the soldier rise to heroic action at the call of music—and why does the infant slumber under its soothing anodyne? In the animal world, why does a horse dance to music; why does a dog sit spellbound under certain strains, and moan in sympathy to them; and why do snakes uncoil, lift their heads, and sway in response to the Hindu charmer's plaintive pipe? There must be some significant reason for all this.

★ ★ ★

That mere sounds produce physiological effects on animals and man, and that these effects vary with the pitch, intensity, and quality of tone, has been proved by many tests. One student of the subject, Mr. Scripture, in his "New Psychology," tells us of the results of some of his own personal tests:

With the thumb-and-finger grip, the greatest pressure I can exert during *silence* is 4 kilos. When one plays the giants' motive from *Rheingold* my grip shows 4½ kilos. The slumber motive from *Walküre* reduces the power to ¾ kilos.

When music can produce such physical effects it is only natural that man should, in

the course of human experience, take account of it, and use it, to his advantage. The medicine man of the American Indian tribes knew something of this when he employed musical instruments as important parts of his medical outfit. Through the course of years, music often has been recommended by physicians as a soothing agent in various ailments—especially those brought about by aggravated nervous conditions. It is only within recent years, however, that our medical profession has taken music seriously as a method of treatment. Articles and books are now discussing the subject. Two able contributions in a recent number of the "Musical Quarterly" present the claims of music as "medicine" and as a "means to health."

★ ★ ★

Cases are cited of actual cures of serious and baffling afflictions by musical treatment—Dora Mintz, the sufferer from sleeping sickness referred to by Mr. Kreisler, is one. It was only after all other methods had failed in Dora Mintz's case that a young pupil of Leopold Auer, by name Mitchell Hoffman, prevailed on the doctor to try Russian melodies—the patient's own national music. The young woman's spirit responded to the call of Hoffman's violin, and she recovered.

★ ★ ★

It may not be altogether fanciful then to say that the day may come when our family practitioner will prescribe not only a "tablespoonful" of soothing syrup but also an "earful" of lullabies. Perhaps the medicine chest will have for companions the piano, organ, and violin or the phonograph and pianola, and we shall not only *see*, but also *hear*, ourselves get well. We may at least assert, in all seriousness, that the ear will in time become one of the accepted channels of healing.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

EDITORIAL NOTE—So much interest has been aroused by The Mentor Questionnaire in the September number, and so many requests have come in for answers to the questions, that we have decided to reprint the Questionnaire with a complete list of answers. This will be sent, on request, to any reader of The Mentor. A Prize Mentor Questionnaire will be announced later on.



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